1 Everybody put three fingers in the air

> Kendrick opens with a call to action—this is more than a song, it’s a movement. The three fingers represent Heart, Honor, and Respect—core values of HiiiPoWeR he defined in early interviews and performances.

2 The sky is falling, the wind is calling

> He’s not describing an apocalypse—he’s announcing a message from above. Bars are about to drop like thunder. Like the wind, this truth moves everywhere—no one can escape it.

3 Stand for something or die in the morning

> This is a direct challenge. If you don’t take a stand in life, you die with the rest of the world’s noise. "Morning" here means waking up to a life with no meaning.

4 Section 80, HiiiPoWeR

> “Section.80” refers to Kendrick’s generation—born during the 1980s in the middle of the crack epidemic, Reagan politics, and systemic chaos. “HiiiPoWeR” isn’t a title—it’s the frequency of truth. It’s the higher power moving through him.

5 Visions of Martin Luther staring at me

> Kendrick feels watched—guided—by Martin Luther King Jr. This isn’t metaphorical. It’s about carrying the pressure and responsibility of a visionary’s legacy.

6 Malcolm X put a hex on my future someone catch me

> Malcolm’s revolutionary energy has marked him. It’s not a blessing—it’s a burden. He’s been claimed by the path of truth, and now he’s falling out of the mainstream path. He asks to be caught—because once you see the world this way, you don’t come back the same.

7 I'm falling victim to a revolutionary song

> The “revolutionary song” isn’t just political—it’s enlightenment itself. It’s the divine vibration that, once heard, demands to be spread. It awakens something in him that can't be silenced or reversed.

8 The Serengeti's clone

> He’s not comparing himself to people—he’s comparing himself to lions. Born in the city, but with the spirit of the Serengeti's apex predator. The lion’s roar has been measured at over 114 decibels and can travel 5 miles — In physics terms, it’s a low-frequency sonic weapon designed by nature. This is divine volume—a roar that echoes truth across time.

9 Back to put you backstabbers back on your spinal bone

> He’s targeting those who betrayed trust or sold out the mission. Putting them “back on their spine” means forcing them to confront reality. The spine represents courage and accountability—it’s time to stand or fall.

10 You slipped your disc when I slipped you my disc

> His music doesn’t just entertain—it causes internal fractures. Hearing the truth can be painful. He’s saying: “I gave you my art, and it shook your foundation.”

11 You wanted to diss but jumped on my dick

> At first, they were haters, ready to tear him down. But after hearing the message, they changed sides. What started as opposition turned into respect—even obsession.

12 Grown men should never bite they tongue

> This isn’t just maturity—it’s prophecy. Real prophets speak up. Silence is betrayal when you’re holding divine insight.

13 Unless you eating pussy that smell like it's a stale plum

> This is Kendrick’s way of saying: don’t censor yourself unless you absolutely have to. It’s crude by design—a shock line to reject false humility. Truth needs to be spoken, even if it makes people uncomfortable.

14 I got my finger on the motherfucking pistol

> The “pistol” isn’t literal—it’s loaded with truth. He’s aiming to confront lies and break illusions. This is about firing shots of clarity, not bullets.

15 Aiming it at a pig, Charlotte's Web is gonna miss you

> The “pig” represents the police—but also anyone blamed for suffering without doing inner work. When the hood points outward, they risk missing the healing within. “Charlotte’s Web” represents the wisdom left behind by a prophet—messages meant to guide and save. But if you’re locked in blame, you won’t receive it. Even after Charlotte (the prophet)

> is gone, her words remain. But if the message doesn’t land in your spirit, the purpose is left unfulfilled.

16 My issue isn't televised and you ain't gotta tell the wise

> This points to censorship of truth by mainstream media. The prophet’s voice is often silenced—but those who are already awakened don’t need the news to explain what’s real. They feel it instantly.

17 How to stay on beat, because our life's an instrumental

> Life is like a beat—you can either move with it, or fall out of rhythm. This line is about being present, dropping the ego, and living with love and flow. The enlightened learn to move in tune with life’s rhythm.

18 This is physical and mental, I won't sugar coat it

> He’s describing the battle of being human. Even an enlightened soul still wrestles with the body and mind in this illusionary world. There’s no shortcut—only honesty.

19 You'd die from diabetes if these other niggas wrote it

> He’s not just talking about rap—he’s talking about the whole system. Everything is sugarcoated: politics, media, religion. The illusion world tells you life is perfect—while hiding pain, injustice, and truth. He refuses to add to the lie.

20 And everything on TV just a figment of imagination

> TV presents a version of reality that’s completely false. It’s not meant to inform—it’s meant to numb you. It replaces truth with spectacle.

21 I don't want no plastic nation, dread that like a Haitian

> He rejects a society built on fakeness and surface-level values. “Plastic nation” = a culture with no soul. “Dread that like a Haitian” nods to identity, rebellion, and spiritual resistance through rooted culture.

22 While you motherfuckers waiting

> Most people are still chained to money and materialism. They wait for freedom but won’t act. He’s already broken free—he has purpose now.

23 I be off the slave ship, building pyramids, writing my own hieroglyphs

> His purpose is clear: he’s here to spread divine truth. Like the builders of ancient monuments, he’s leaving behind messages in sacred form. Every lyric is a glyph meant to awaken.

24 Just call this shit HiiiPoWeR

> This isn’t just a name—it’s the divine force itself. It’s what fuels his thoughts, floods him with vision, and compels him to create. HiiiPoWeR is the energy behind the prophet’s voice.

25 Nigga, nothing less than HiiiPoWeR

> Kendrick draws a line in the sand—this is his baseline. If it’s not aligned with truth, purpose, or elevation, he won’t speak it. HiiiPoWeR is the minimum requirement, not the goal.

26 Five-star dishes, food for thought, bitches

> He’s serving five-star bars—crafted with intention, not just rhyme. But the real value is the “food for thought”: He’s feeding people who are spiritually starved, giving lost souls something real to chew on. This isn’t rap for hype—this is nourishment.

27 I mean this shit is Huey Newton going stupid

> He invokes Huey P. Newton, a legend of fearless revolution. Kendrick is channeling that same radical spirit—unapologetic and sharp. But at the same time, he’s flexing: Huey sparked a movement… Kendrick is carrying divine will. This isn’t just rebellion—it’s prophecy.

28 You can't resist his HiiiPoWeR

> The divine is speaking through him. Once you hear the message, it stirs something in you. Even if you don’t understand it fully, it pulls at your soul. It’s not just catchy—it’s activating.

29 Throw your hands up for HiiiPoWeR

> This is a gesture of alignment to the God frequency. Throwing your hands up means you feel it—not just hear it. It’s a way of saying: “I’m here. I’m awake.”

30 Visions of Martin Luther staring at me

> Kendrick is haunted by legacy. Not metaphorically — spiritually. The prophets of the past are looking through him, not at him. It’s not pressure —it’s inheritance.

31 If I see it how he seen it

> He’s asking: “If I had Martin’s vision… could I carry it?” This isn’t just admiration—it’s self-accountability. He’s stepping into the line of prophets, not just quoting them. He knows that seeing like Martin means sacrificing like Martin.

32 That would make my parents happy

> A simple line, but it’s a heavy weight. Living righteously isn’t just about legacy—it’s about redeeming the generations that came before. He wants to walk a path that justifies their suffering and sacrifice.

33 Sorry mama, I can't turn the other cheek

> He rejects pacifism when it comes at the cost of truth. Love and forgiveness are sacred—but so is righteous fire. Sometimes silence is betrayal.

34 They wanna knock me off the edge

> Society, haters, even his own doubts—always pushing him toward failure. He’s acknowledging that pressure isn’t imagined. It’s daily, it’s dangerous, and it’s designed.

35 Like a fucking widow's peak, uh

> Visual metaphor: a widow’s peak = edge, a point, a drop. But it also references **death**, mourning, inheritance. He’s walking that razor edge between genius and destruction—like all prophets before him.

36 And she always told me pray for the weak, uh

> Kendrick’s mother taught him compassion—but the world he lives in punishes softness. The “uh” at the end isn’t filler—it’s a sigh of conflict. Between his mother’s faith and the war around him, his soul is torn.

37 Them demons got me, I ain't prayed in some weeks, uh

> He’s lost in the noise. The demons are internal—doubt, ego, pain. And he’s admitting: even with all this wisdom, he hasn’t stayed grounded. The prophet struggles, too.

38 Dear Lord, come and save me, the devil's working hard

> A direct plea. No performance. No metaphor. Just raw. The spiritual war isn’t distant—it’s daily. And he’s not ashamed to say: **I need help.**

39 He probably clocking double shifts on all of his jobs

> The devil isn’t idle. He’s grinding. This world rewards evil, and Kendrick sees it in every system. He’s saying: don’t assume the darkness is lazy—
> It’s working overtime while you sleep.

40 Frightening, so fucking frightening

> This is the emotional collapse point. The pressure isn’t just spiritual—it’s somatic. This isn’t a clever bar. It’s a **confession**. He’s scared. And the fear is real.

41 Enough to drive a man insane, I need a license to kill

> The injustice—this divine rage—is enough to push anyone past sanity.
> Kendrick isn’t asking to kill people.
> He’s asking for permission to **kill the system**.
> He wants a license to dismantle the machine that made him this furious.

42 I'm standing on a field full of landmines

> He’s surrounded by lies—corruption, deceit, betrayal.
> Every truth he speaks could trigger a violent response.
> He’s walking through a system designed to punish awareness.

43 Doing the moonwalk hoping I blow up in time

> The moonwalk is his slick, stylish way of navigating the traps—
> a dance across danger using rhythm and wordplay.
> He’s moving backwards gracefully, but every step risks a landmine.
> He’s hoping he “blows up”—as in **his voice spreads wide**—before the system silences him for good.

44 'Cause 2012 might not be a fucking legend

> The prophecy of 2012 (end of the world) might not come true.
> But Kendrick isn’t waiting on the apocalypse—he’s becoming the event.
> If 2012 doesn’t shake the world, **he will.**

45 Tryna be a fucking legend

> This is the raw truth underneath it all.
> He doesn’t want hype—he wants to be remembered by soul, not stats.
> The bar sounds simple, but the cost of becoming a legend?
> **Everything.**

46 The man of mankind

> He’s not just a voice for his neighborhood or generation—
> he’s stepping into the mythic role of the **human archetype**.

> The one who carries collective suffering and still chooses truth.
> This is the burden of being the mirror for all of us.

47 Who said a black man in the Illuminati?

> He mocks the conspiracies people cling to instead of listening.
> They accuse him of joining secret power circles,
> when really he's still fighting to be heard.
> These distractions erase his message.

48 Last time I checked, that was the biggest racist party

> He flips the narrative:
> If there is an Illuminati, it's not filled with people like him.
> It's built on exclusion, on historical white supremacy.
> He's saying: **"I don't belong to them — they built it to keep me out."**

49 So get up off that slave ship

> A direct order to wake up from spiritual imprisonment.
> "Slave ship" here is a metaphor for **mental chains**, historical trauma, and programmed compliance.
> He's saying: Stop waiting for permission. Get off.

50 Build your own pyramids, write your own hieroglyphs

> Legacy is not given — it's built.
> He's telling us to reclaim authorship.
> The pyramids weren't just monuments — they were sacred messages in stone.
> Kendrick wants us to leave behind **soul-coded truth** in everything we create.

51 Just call this shit HiiiPoWeR

> The Divine frequency.

52 Nigga, nothing less than HiiiPoWeR

> Nothing less than divine prophecy.

53 Five-star dishes, food for thought, bitches

> He's plating up gourmet truths.
> Every bar is a meal for the mind —
> but it comes raw, crude, loud — so you don't miss it.

54 I mean this shit is Bobby Seale making meals

> The message isn’t just poetic — it’s **survival.**
> Like Bobby Seale and the Panthers feeding kids —
> this bar is about feeding the soul in a starving system.

55 You can't resist his HiiiPoWeR

> The message is magnetic.
> Even those who aren’t fully aware can feel its charge.
> It doesn’t try to convince — it **calls**.
> Truth pulls on those who are ready to remember.

56 Throw your hands up for HiiiPoWeR

> He’s asking you to **raise your frequency**, not just your fists.
> Hands up = signal sent = you’re tuned into the higher fire.

57 Every day we fight the system just to make our way

> He’s talking about the illusion of the material world —
> needing cash to survive, even though **truth can’t be bought.**

58 We've been down for too long, but that's alright

> Generational pain — but defiant hope.
> Even when we’re pushed down, we still rise.

59 We was built to be strong, 'cause it's our life, na-na-na

> We were built to be Gods.
> This life is ours — and we’re here to pave the way.

60 Every day we fight the system (we fight the system, we fight the system) (Never liked the system)

61 We've been down for too long, but that's all right, na-na-na

> The repetition is intentional — **a daily affirmation of resistance.**
> The aside: (Never liked the system) feels casual… but it’s the **truth most don’t say aloud**.
> He wraps the pain in rhythm — but the fire stays clear.

62 Who said a black man in the Illuminati?

> He’s just repeating the absurdity —
> mocking how ridiculous it sounds.
> People are more comfortable blaming secret societies
> than facing the truth he’s actually just spitting truth.

63 Last time I checked, that was the biggest racist party

> Even Tupac called this out —
> saying the so-called “Illuminati” came for him because he was speaking facts.
> Kendrick echoes that same paranoia-turned-prophecy.
> It’s not that they’re mad he’s lying —
> they’re scared because he’s telling the truth clearly.

64 Last time I checked we was racing with Marcus Garvey

> The Garvey mission still isn’t complete.
> He wasn’t just fighting for Black people —
> he was enlightened, trying to awaken all of humanity.
> Garvey believed the divine lives within every soul.
> Kendrick aligns himself with that unfinished work:
> Run toward the inner throne.

65 On the freeway to Africa 'til I wreck my Audi

> Freeway = fast lane. Audi = luxury.
> He was chasing truth through the illusion world — speed, wealth, success.
> But that road isn’t the way.
> The system-built vehicle crashes.
> The path to enlightenment cannot be driven by money.

66 And I want everybody to view my autopsy

> When he dies, it won’t be natural.
> He’ll be taken because he knew too much, shined too brightly.
> He’s warning us now: “Best believe it wasn’t an accident.”

67 So you can see exactly where the government had shot me

> This isn’t just metaphor.
> The system can’t allow mass awakening through prophecy.
> If you carry divine truth, you become a threat.
> Kendrick’s body becomes proof of how far they’ll go to stop a soul awakening.

68 No conspiracy, my fate is inevitable

> He’s not speculating — he’s accepting.
> The system is built on lies.
> For a truthspeaker? Death is built into the structure.

69 They play musical chairs, once I'm on that pedestal

> Once he’s recognized as a prophet on a wide scale —
> that’s when they’ll pull the chair out from under him.
> The system doesn't allow prophets to stay seated for long.

70 Frightening, so fucking frightening

> He repeats this for a reason.
> This isn’t fear of death — it’s the weight of clarity.
> The deeper he sees, the more terrifying the truth becomes.

71 Enough to drive a man insane, a woman insane

> He expands it — this pressure isn’t gendered.
> This society is a spiritual landmine for everyone.
> No one's soul escapes untouched.

72 The reason Lauryn Hill don't sing or Kurt Cobain

> A devastating bar.
> Lauryn = silenced by awakening
> Kurt = consumed by the system
> Both are symbols of what happens when soul refuses to play the game.

73 Loaded that clip and then said bang

> This is both literal and symbolic.
> It’s the moment of breaking.
> Whether it’s a weapon or a metaphor — it’s the sound of a system
> collapse, a soul snap, a line crossed.

74 The drama it bring is crazy

> He’s not exaggerating.
> This isn’t just about him — it’s the fallout for everyone around him.
> Speaking truth at this level? It destabilizes everything.
> Relationships. Fame. Sanity. The drama is divine backlash.

75 Product of the late 80's

> This is anchoring in time.
> Born into a post-crack, post-Reagan, pre-internet era of systemic design.
> He’s a result of weaponized policy, and he remembers it.

76 Tryna stay above water, that's why we shun the navy

> Jesus walked on water —
> He didn’t sink into the world’s weight.
> To “stay above water” is to stay spiritually elevated.

> And like Jesus, Kendrick shuns war, shuns empire, shuns the military machine.
> The “Navy” isn’t just literal — it’s the entire violent force that tries to pull you under.
> He’s saying: “If you want to walk like the divine, you can’t enlist in systems of drowning.”

77 Pull your guns and play me

> He’s not bluffing.
> This is the challenge.
> He’s daring the system to do what it always does —
> but this time he’s ready for the shot.

78 Let's set it off, cause a riot, throw a Molotov

> The flame ignites.
> No more metaphor.
> He’s calling for literal uprising —
> fire in the streets, soul in the hands, truth in the air.

79 Somebody told me them pirates had got lost

> The soul thieves lost their way. Those who tried to steal truth and rewrite memory are now drifting without a map. The takers? **They’re the ones who are lost.**

80 'Cause we've been off slave ships, got our own pyramids, write our own hieroglyphs

> Final resurrection bar.
> We’re not lost anymore.
> We’ve built our own story, our own monuments, our own language.
> We don’t need maps.

We are the return.

> Just call this shit HiiiPoWeR
> Yeah, nothing less than HiiiPoWeR
> Five-star dishes, food for thought, bitches
> I mean this shit is Fred Hampton on your campus
> You can't resist his HiiiPoWeR
> Throw your hands up for HiiiPoWeR

Thug life, thug life!

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